



The Political Dance,

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I HAD knock'd my last pipe out and stept into bed
It was twelve or at least pretty near.
When the strangest conceits found their way to my head
And Fancy began her career.
My mind all the day had been thinking of France,
Her fleets and her armies on shore,
So I dream'd that all nations stood up for a Dance,
Such a dance as was ne'er seen before.
Sardinia, Germany, Prussia, and Spain,
Where the foremost who jugg'd it away,
Then England stood up--bid' us play a bold strain,
And with Holland they all danc'd the hey,
Thus join'd hand in hand, they all danc'd in a ring,
France caper'd and kick'd in the middle,
But so quick are the tunes that they snap every string,
And break down the bridge of the fiddle,
Tho' the figure was chang'd they still flourish'd their
I ne'er saw such work at a ball. (toes
France took out her scuff box and turn'd up her nose
Saying,— 'Here's face to face with you all.
Then she jump'd, and footed, and frisk'd it to the Nile.
She then danc'd her best I must own.
All the company said she advanc'd in good style,
But again she flew back to Toulon,
Such dancing must poor mortals to Death,
I remark'd how each strove for renown,
But Holland declar'd she was quite out of breath,
And without asking leave he set down,
Poor Prussia, fatigu'd was the next to give in,
The proposal to finish the rout.
But Spain starting back, said, "if Prussia gives in,
I'm sure it is time to give out,
I dream'd that there must be an end to the fun,
And that no other fear would be shewn,
For at length all other dancers fell off one by one,
And left England and France all alone,
But again they went to it, each cry'd play away,
Come, fiddler, strike up to some tune,
And England's first step was so vigorous and gay,
That I thought she would leap over the moon,
Then she danc'd to the Nile but in Egypt good luck,
My dream was put into a hurry,
France made a false step, and fell flat on her back,
And I thought she'd not rise in a hurry,
Then I laugh'd to see how she sprawl'd on the floor,
When I saw her kick up both her heels,
But Russia and Turkey bound in at the door,
And with England were dancing Scotch reels,
Well, I thought I had got all her steps to a charm,
Nay, while sleeping I cry'd out,— I've got 'em,
And I gave my poor wife such a thump on the arm,
That she wak'd me by stepping my bottom,